all these by
Dr Swift

A New MISCELLANY

For the Year 1734.

PART I.

CONTAINING

I. An EPISTLE to a Lady, who desired the Author to make Verses on her in the Heroick Stile.
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III. On POETRY: A RAPSODY.
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An EPISTLE *to a* LADY, *who desired the Author to make Verses on Her, in the Heroic Stile.*

AFTER venting all my Spight,
Tell me what I have to write?
Ev'ry Error I could find
Thro' the Mazes of your Mind
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the Company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful?
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty Follies more
I have often told before.
Hearken, what my *Lady* says--
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a Fault should move your Pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to Passion quickly heated:
If my wand'ring Head be less
Set on Reading, than on Dress:
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the Diffi--culty.
You wou'd teach me to be wise;
Truth and Honour how to prize;
How to shine in Conversation,
And, with Credit fill my Station;
How to relish Notions high,
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by Fate---
Mr. *Dean*, you come too late:
Well I know you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my Youth instill'd,
Have my Soul entirely fill'd.
In my Head and Heart they center,
Nor will let your Lessons enter.
Bred a Fondling and an Heiress;
Dress like any Lady May'ress;
Cocker'd by the Servants round,
Was too good to touch the Ground:
Thought the Life of ev'ry Lady
Shou'd be one continu'd Play-Day:
Balls, and Masquerades, and Shows,
Visits, Plays, and Powder'd Beaux.
Thus you have my Case at large,
And may now perform your Charge.
Those Materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the World may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a Poem.
But I beg, suspend a while
That same paultry *Burlesque* Stile:
Drop, for once, your constant Rule,
Turning all to Ridicule:
Teaching others how to ape ye;
Court, nor Parli'ment, can 'scape ye;
Treat the Publick, and your Friends,
Both alike; while neither mends.
Sing my Praise in Strain sublime:
Treat me not with Doggrel Rhime.
'Tis but just, you shou'd produce,
With each Fault each Fault's Excuse:
Not to publish ev'ry Trifle,
And my few Perfections stifle.
With some Gifts at least endow me,
Which my very Foes allow me.
Am I spightful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my Trust?
Which of all our modern Dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In Good Manners, am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?

Did

Did I e'er my Mite with-hold
From the Impotent and Old?
When did ever I omit
Due Regard for Men of Wit?
When have I Eſteem expreſs'd
For a Coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the Female Tribe,
Think it Wit to ſneer and gibe?
Who, with leſs deſigning Ends,
Kindlier entertains her Friends?
Think not Cards my chief Diverſion,
'Tis a wrong, unjuſt Aſperſion;
Never knew I any Good in 'um,
But, to doze my Head, like *Laudanum*.
We by Play, as Men by Drinking,
Paſs our Nights, to drive out thinking.
From my Ailments give me Leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with Pleaſure:
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with Books my Mind embelliſh.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry;
Mr. *Dean*, you muſt reply.
Madam, I allow, 'tis true;
All theſe Praiſes are your Due.
You, like ſome acute Philoſopher,
Ev'ry Fault have drawn a Gloſs over,
Placing, in the ſtrongeſt Light,
All your Virtues to my Sight.
Tho' you lead a blameleſs Life,
Are an humble prudent Wife;
Anſwer all domeſtick Ends,
What is this to us your Friends?
Tho' your Children by a Nod
Stand in awe without a Rod:
Tho' by your obliging Sway
Servants love you, and obey:
Tho' you treat us with a Smile,
Clear your Look, and ſmooth your Stile:
Load our Plates from ev'ry Diſh;
This is not the Thing we wiſh.
Col'nel ----- may be your Debtor;
We expect Employment better.
You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good Senſe to entertain us,

Scholars, when good Senſe deſcribing,
Call it *Taſting* and *Imbibing*:
Metaphorick Meat and Drink,
Is to underſtand, and think:
We may *carve* for others thus;
And let others carve for us.
To diſcourſe, and to attend,
Is to help yourſelf and Friend.
Converſation is but *carving*,
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving.
Give no more to ev'ry Gueſt,
Than he's able to digeſt:
Give him always of the Prime,
And, but little at a Time.
Carve to all but juſt enuff,
Let them neither ſtarve, nor ſtuff:
And, that you may have your Due,
Let your Neighbours *carve* for you.

To conclude this long Eſſay;
Pardon, if I diſobey:
Nor, againſt my nat'ral Vein,
Treat you in Heroick Strain.
I, as all the Pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in Proſe:
Still to laſh, and laſhing Smile,
Ill befits a lofty Stile.
From the Planet of my Birth,
I encounter Vice with Mirth.
Wicked Miniſters of State
I can eaſier ſcorn than hate:
And I find it anſwers right:
Scorn torments them more than Spite.
All the Vices of a Court,
Do but ſerve to make me Sport.
Shou'd a Monkey wear a Crown,
Muſt I tremble at his Frown?
Could I not, thro' all his Ermin,
Spy the ſtrutting chatt'ring Vermin?
Safely write a ſmart Lampoon,
To expoſe the brisk Baboon?

When my Muſe officious ventures,
On the Nation's Repreſenters;
Teaching by what *Golden* Rules
Into Knaves they turn their Fools:

How

How the Helm is rul'd by——
At whoſe Oars, like Slaves, they all pull:
Let the Veſſel ſplit on Shelves,
With the Freight enrich themſelves;
Safe within my little Wherry,
All their Madneſs makes me merry:
Like the Watermen of *Thames*,
I row by, and call them Names.
Like the ever-laughing Sage,
In a Jeſt I ſpend my Rage:
(Tho' it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them if I cou'd:)
If I can but fill my Nitch,
I attempt no higher Pitch.
Leave to D'ANVERS and his Mate,
Maxims wiſe, to rule the State.
POULTNEY deep, accompliſh'd ST. JOHNS,
Scourge the Villains with a Vengeance.
Let me, tho' the Smell be Noiſom,
Strip their Bums; let CALEB hoyſe 'em;
Then, apply ALECTO's Whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip,
Deuce is in you, Mr. *Dean*;
What can all this Paſſion mean?
Mention Courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;
On Corruptions running Riot.
End, as it befits your Station;
Come to Uſe, and Application:
Nor with Senates keep a Fuſs,
I ſubmit, and anſwer thus.
If the Machinations brewing,
To compleat the publick Ruin,
Never once cou'd have the Pow'r
To affect me half an Hour;
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude a *Fortiori*,
All your Eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my fav'rite Farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on. For, as
It is well obſerv'd by * HORACE,
Ridicule has greater Pow'r
To reform the World, than Sour.

*——Ridiculum Acri
Fortius & melius, &c.

Hor.

Horſes thus, let Jockeys judge elſe,
Switches better guide than Cudgels,
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only Dulneſs can produce,
While a little gentle Jerking
Sets the Spirits all a working.
Thus I find it by Experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than Merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain.
It but ſtupifies your Brain.
But, with Raillery to nettle,
Sets your Thoughts upon their Mettle:
Gives Imagination Scope,
Never lets your Mind elope:
Drives out Brangling, and Contention,
Brings in Reaſon and Invention.
For your Sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty Stile decline.
I ſhou'd make a Figure ſcurvy,
And your Head, turn Topſy-turvy.
I, who love to have a Fling,
Both at Senate-Houſe and ——
That they might ſome better Way tread,
To avoid the publick Hatred;
Thought no Method more commodious,
Than to ſhew their Vices odious:
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by Anger, but a Sneer:
As my Method of Reforming,
Is by Laughing, not by Storming.
(For my Friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt Fault.)
Wou'd you have me change my Stile,
On your Faults no longer ſmile?
But, to patch up all our Quarrels,
Quote you Texts from *Plutarch*'s *Morals*;
Or from *Solomon* produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's Uſe.
If I treat you like ——
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher Claims
Than the Owners of *St. J---s.*
You are not ſo great a Grievance
As the Hirelings of *St. St----s.*

You

You are of a lower Class
Than my Friend Sir *R*——— *Br*----*s*.
None of these have Mercy found,
I have laugh'd, and left them round.
Have you seen a *Rocket* fly?
You wou'd swear it pierc'd the Sky;
It but reach'd the middle Air,
Bursting into Pieces there:
Thousand Sparkles falling down
Light on many a Coxcomb's Crown.
See, what Mirth the Sport creates,
Singes Air, but breaks no Pates.
Thus, shou'd I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a Stile sublime,
Such a Rocket is my Muse,
Shou'd I lofty Numbers chuse,
Ere I reach'd *Parnassus'* Top,
I shou'd burst, and bursting drop.
All my *Fire* would fall in Scraps,
Give your Head some gentle Raps;
Only make it smart a while:
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling Pain,
Entring warm your frigid Brain
Make you able upon Sight,
To decide of Wrong and Right?
Talk with Sense whate'er you please on,
Learn to relish *Truth* and *Reason*.
Thus we both shou'd gain our Prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

On Reading

Dr. YOUNG's *Satires,*

Called the

Univerſal PASSION.

IF there be Truth in what you ſing,
Such Godlike Virtues in the *King,*
A *Miniſter* ſo fill'd with Zeal,
And Wiſdom for the Common-Weal;
If *he*, who in the Chair preſides,
So ſteadily the *Senate* guides:
If Others, whom you make your Theme,
Are Seconds in this glorious Scheme;
If ev'ry *Peer* whom you commend,
To Worth and Learning is a Friend;
If this be Truth, as you atteſt,
What *Land* was ever *half* ſo *bleſt*?
The *Traders* now no longer cheat;
No Falſhood now among the *Great*.
Now, on the Bench, fair *Juſtice* ſhines,
Her Scale to neither Side inclines;
Now *Pride* and *Cruelty* are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her Throne;
For, ſuch is good Example's Pow'r,
It does its Office ev'ry Hour,
Where *Governors* are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt Maxim lyes:
For this we know, all antient Sages
Decree, that *ad exemplum Regis*,

Thro'

Thro' all the Realm his *Virtues* run,
Rip'ning, and kindling like the Sun.
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at leaſt a *Score*
Of *Courtiers*, each in their Degree,
If poſſible, as good as He.
Or, take it in a diff'rent View;
I ask, if what you ſay be *true*,
If you allow the preſent Age
Deſerves your *Satire*'s keeneſt Rage;
If that ſame *Univerſal Paſſion*
With ev'ry *Vice* hath fill'd the Nation;
If *Virtue* dares not venture down,
But juſt a *Step* below the *Crown:*
If *Clergymen*, to ſhew their Wit,
Prize *Claſſicks* more than *Sacred Writ:*
If Bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the *Senate-Houſe* can run,
And ſell their Votes at ſuch a Rate,
As will retrieve a loſt Eſtate:
If *Law* be ſuch a partial Whore,
To ſpare the Rich, and plague the Poor;
If theſe be of all Crimes the worſt,
What *Land* was ever *half* ſo *curſt*?

On POETRY: *A* RAPSODY.

ALL Human Race wou'd fain be *Wits*,
And Millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's Univerſal Paſſion, *Pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, *Britain*, cou'd you ever boaſt
Three *Poets* in an Age at moſt?
Our chilling Climate hardly bears
A *Sprig* of Bays in Fifty Years:
While every Fool his Claim alledges,
As if it grew in common Hedges.
What Reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this Perverſeneſs in the Mind?
Brutes find out where their Talents lie:
A *Bear* will not attempt to fly:
A founder'd *Horſe* will oft debate,
Before he tries a Five-barr'd Gate:
A *Dog*, by Inſtinct, turns aſide,
Who ſees the Ditch too deep and wide.
But *Man* we find the only Creature,
Who, led by *Folly*, fights with *Nature*;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With Obſtinacy fixes there;
And, where his *Genius* leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole Deſigns.
Not *Empire* to the Riſing-Sun,
By Valour, Conduct, Fortune won,
Nor higheſt *Wiſdom* in Debates,
For framing Laws to govern States,
Nor Skill in Sciences profound,
So large, to graſp the Circle round;
Such heavenly Influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *Muſes Lyre*.
Not Beggar's Brat, on Bulk begot,
Nor Baſtard of a Pedlar *Scot*;
Nor Boy brought up to cleaning Shoes,
The Spawn of *Bridewell*, or the Stews;

Nor

Nor Infants dropt, the ſpurious Pledges
Of *Gypſies* littering under Hedges,
Are ſo diſqualify'd by Fate,
To riſe in *Church*, or *Law*, or *State*,
As he, whom *Phœbus*, in his Ire,
Hath *blaſted* with poetick Fire.

What Hope of Cuſtom in the *Fair*,
While not a Soul demands your Ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private Life, or publick Uſe?
Court, *City*, *Country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For Poets, Law makes no Proviſion:
The Wealthy have you in Deriſion.
Of State-Affairs you cannot ſmatter,
Are awkward when you try to flatter.
Your Portion, taking *Britain* round,
*Was juſt One annual Hundred Pound,
Now not ſo much as in Remainder,
Since *Cibber* brought in an Attainder;
For ever fix'd by Right Divine,
(A Monarch's Right) on *Grubſtreet* Line.
Poor ſtarv'ling Bard, how ſmall thy Gains!
How unproportion'd to thy Pains!

And here a *Simile* comes pat in:
Tho' *Chickens* take a Month to fatten,
The Gueſts, in leſs than half an Hour,
Will more than half a Score devour:
So, after toiling twenty Days,
To earn a Stock of Pence and Praiſe,
Thy Labours, grown the Critick's Prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a Diſh of Tea;
Gone, to be never heard of more!
Gone, where the *Chickens* went before.

How ſhall a new Attempter learn
Of diff'rent Spirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The Poet's Vein, or Scribbling Itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd Sinner
Inſtructing thus a young Beginner.

Conſult your ſelf, and if you find
A pow'rful Impulſe urge your Mind,

* *Paid to the Poet Laureat, which Place was given to one* Cibber, *a Player.*

Impartial judge within your Breaſt
What Subject you can manage beſt;
Whether your Genius moſt inclines
To Satire, Praiſe, or hum'rous Lines;
To Elegies in mournful Tone,
Or Prologue ſent from Hand unknown.
Then riſing with *Aurora*'s Light,
The Muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when Invention fails,
To ſcratch your Head, and bite your Nails.

Your Poem finiſh'd, next your Care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern Wit, all printed Treſh is
Set off with num'rous *Breaks*--and *Daſhes*--

To Stateſman wou'd you give a Wipe,
You print it in *Italick Type*.
When Letters are in vulgar Shapes,
'Tis Ten to one the Wit eſcapes;
But when in *Capitals* expreſt,
The dulleſt Reader ſmokes the Jeſt:
Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the Poet meant,
As learned Commentators view
In *Homer* more than *Homer* knew.

Your Poem in its modiſh Dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the Preſs,
Convey by Penny-Poſt to *Lintot*,
But let no Friend alive look into't.
If *Lintot* thinks 'twill bear the Coſt,
You need not fear your Labour loſt:
And, how agreeably ſurpriz'd
Are you to ſee it advertiz'd!
The Hawker ſhews you one in Print,
As freſh as Farthings from the Mint:
The Product of your Toil and Sweating;
A Baſtard of your own begetting.

Be ſure at *Will*'s, the following Day,
Lye ſnug, and hear what Criticks ſay.
And if you find the general Vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid Rogue;
Damns all your Thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your Spittle.

Be silent as a Politician,
For talking may beget Suspicion:
Or praise the Judgment of the Town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal Pride,
Nor argue on the weaker Side;
For Poems read without a Name
We justly praise or justly blame:
And Criticks have no partial Views,
Except they know whom they abuse.
And since you ne'er provok'd their Spite,
Depend upon't their Judgment's right:
But if you blab, you are undone;
Consider what a Risk you run.
You lose your Credit all at once;
The Town will mark you for a Dunce:
The vilest Doggrel *Grubstreet* sends
Will pass for yours with Foes and Friends,
And you must bear the whole Disgrace,
Till some fresh Blockhead takes your Place.
Your Secret kept, your Poem sunk,
And sent in Quires to line a Trunk;
If still you be dispos'd to rhime,
Go try your Hand a second time.
Again you fail, yet safe's the Word,
Take Courage, and attempt a Third.
But first with Care imploy your Thoughts,
Where Criticks mark'd your former Faults.
The trivial Turns, the borrow'd Wit,
The *Simile's* that nothing fit;
The *Cant* which every Fool repeats,
Town-Jests and Coffee-house Conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why;
Or where you find your Fury set
Against the harmless Alphabet;
On A's and B's your Malice vent,
While Readers wonder whom you meant.
A publick, or a private *Robber*;
A *Statesman*, or a South-Sea *Jobber*.
A *Prelate*, who no God believes;
A ——————, or Den of Thieves.
A Pick-purse at the Bar, or Bench;
A Duchess, or a Suburb Wench.

Or oft when Epithets you link
In gaping Lines, to fill a Chink;
Like Stepping-ſtones, to ſave a Stride,
In Streets where Kennels are too wide:
Or like a Heel-piece to ſupport
A Cripple with one Foot too ſhort:
Or, like a Bridge that joins a Mariſh
To Moorlands of a diff'rent Pariſh.
So have I ſeen ill-coupled Hounds
Drag diff'rent Ways in miry Grounds.
So Geographers, in *Afric* Maps,
With ſavage Pictures fill their Gaps;
And o'er unhabitable Downs
Place Elephants for want of Towns.

But tho' you miſs your third Eſſay,
You need not throw your Pen away.
Lay now aſide all Thoughts of Fame,
To ſpring more profitable Game.
From Party-Merit ſeek Support;
The vileſt Verſe thrives beſt at Court.
A Pamphlet in Sir *Rob*'s Defence
Will never fail to bring in Pence;
Nor be concern'd about the Sale,
He pays his Workmen on the Nail.

A Prince, the Moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry Virtue round,
As Emblems of the Sov'reign Pow'r,
Like other Bawbles of the *Tow'r*.
Is gen'rous, valiant, juſt and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies.
His humble *Senate* this profeſſes,
In all their *Speeches*, *Votes*, *Addreſſes*.
But once you fix him in a Tomb,
His Virtues fade, his Vices bloom;
And each Perfection wrong imputed
Is Folly, at his Death confuted.
The Loads of Poems in his Praiſe,
Aſcending make one Funeral Blaze.
As ſoon as you can hear his Knell,
This God on Earth turns *Devil* in Hell.
And, lo! his Miniſters of State,
Transform'd to Imps, his Levee wait;
Where, in this endleſs Scene of Woe,
They ply their former Arts below.

And as they ſail in *Charon*'s Boat,
Contrive to bribe the Judges Vote.
To *Cerberus* they give a Sop,
His triple-barking Mouth to ſtop:
Or in the Iv'ry Gate of Dreams,
Proje&t *E——ſe* and *S——S——* Schemes:
Or hire their Party Pamphleteers,
To ſet *Elyſium* by the Ears.
Then *Poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muſe on Kings alive;
With Prudence gath'ring up a Cluſter
Of all the Virtues you can muſter:
Which form'd into a Garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your Monarch's Feet;
Who, as the Odours reach his Throne,
Will ſmile, and think 'em all his own:
For *Law* and *Goſpel* both determine
All Virtues lodge in royal Ermine.
(I mean the Oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon Oath.)
Your Garland, in the following Reign,
Change but their Names, will do again.
But if you think this Trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the Dunce's Caſe)
Put on the Critick's Brow, and ſit
At *Will*'s the puny Judge of Wit.
A Nod, a Shrug, a ſcornful Smile,
With Caution us'd, may ſerve a-while.
Proceed no further in your Part,
Before you learn the Terms of Art:
(For you may eaſy be too far gone
In all our modern Criticks Jargon.)
Then talk with more authentick Face,
Of *Unities in Time and Place*.
Get Scraps of *Horace* from your Friends,
And have them at your Fingers Ends.
Learn *Ariſtotle*'s Rules by Rote,
And at all Hazards boldly quote:
Judicious *Rymer* oft review:
Wiſe *Dennis*, and profound *Boſſu*.
Read all the *Prefaces* of *Dryden*,
For theſe our Criticks much confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at firſt for filling
To raiſe the Volume's Price, a Shilling.)

A forward Critick often dupes us
With ſham Quotations * *Peri Hupſous*:
And if we have not read read *Longinus*,
Will magiſterially out-ſhine us.
Then, leſt with *Greek* he over-run ye,
Procure the Book for Love or Money,
Tranſlated from *Boileau*'s Tranſlation, †
And quote *Quotation* on *Quotation*.

At *Will*'s you hear a Poem read,
Where *Battus* from the Table-head,
Reclining on his Elbow-chair,
Gives Judgment with deciſive Air.
To whom the Tribe of circling Wits,
As to an Oracle ſubmits.
He gives Directions to the Town,
To cry it up, or run it down.
(Like *Courtiers*, when they ſend a Note,
Inſtructing *Members* how to vote.)
He ſets the Stamp of Bad and Good,
Tho' not a Word be underſtood.
Your Leſſon learnt, you'll be ſecure
To get the Name of *Connoiſſeur*.
And when your Merits once are known,
Procure Diſciples of your own.

Our Poets (you can never want 'em,
Spread thro' *Auguſta Trinobantum*)
Computing by their Pecks of Coals,
Amount to juſt Nine Thouſand Souls.
Theſe o'er their proper Diſtricts govern,
Of Wit and Humour Judges ſov'reign.
In ev'ry Street, a City Bard
Rules like an Alderman, his Ward.
His indiſputed Rights extend
Thro' all the Lane, from End to End.
The Neighbours round admire his *Shrewdneſs*
For Songs of *Loyalty* and *Lewdneſs*,
Outdone by none in rhiming well,
Altho' he never learnt to ſpell.

Two bordering Wits contend for Glory;
And one is *Whig*, and one is *Tory*.
And this, for Epicks claims the Bays,
And that, for Elegiack Lays.

* *A famous Treatiſe of* Longinus. † *By Mr.* Welſted.

Some

Some fam'd for Numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By Lovers ſpoke in *Punch*'s Booth:
And ſome as juſtly Fame extols
For lofty Lines in *Smithfield* Drolls.
Bavius in *Wapping* gains Renown,
And *Mævius* reigns o'er *Kentiſh-Town*:
Tigellius, plac'd in *Phœbus*' Car,
From *Ludgate* ſhines to *Temple-bar*.
Harmonious *Cibber* entertains
The Court with annual Birth-day Strains;
Whence *Gay* was baniſh'd in Diſgrace,
Where *Pope* will never ſhow his Face;
Where *Y*----- muſt torture his Invention,
To flatter *Knaves*, or loſe his *Penſion*.
But theſe are not a thouſandth Part
Of Jobbers in the Poets Art,
Attending each his proper Station,
And all in due Subordination;
Thro' ev'ry Alley to be found,
In Garrets high or under Ground:
And when they join their *Peritranies*,
Out ſkips a *Book of Miſcellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry Creature
Lives in a State of War by Nature.
The Greater for the Smalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their Match.
A Whale of moderate Size will draw
A Shole of Herrings down his Maw.
A Fox with Geeſe his Belly crams;
A Wolf deſtroys a thouſand Lambs.
But ſearch among the rhiming Race,
The Brave are worried by the Baſe.
If on *Parnaſſus*' Top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each Poet of inferior Size
On you ſhall rail and criticize;
And ſtrive to tear you Limb from Limb,
While others do as much for him.
The Vermin only teaze and pinch
Their Foes ſuperior by an Inch.
So, Nat'raliſts obſerve, a Flea
Hath ſmaller Fleas that on him prey,
And theſe have ſmaller Fleas to bite 'em,
And ſo proceed *ad infinitum*:

Thus ev'ry Poet in his Kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind;
Who, tho' too little to be ſeen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the Spleen;
Call Dunces, Fools, and Sons of Whores,
Lay *Grubſtreet* at each other's Doors:
Extol the *Greek* and *Roman* Maſters,
And curſe our modern Poetaſters.
Complain, as many an ancient Bard did,
How Genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a Taſte prevails among us;
How much our Anceſtors out-ſung us;
Can perſonate an awkard Scorn
For thoſe who are not Poets born:
And all their Brother Dunces laſh,
Who crowd the Preſs with hourly Traſh.
O *Grubſtreet*! how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs Children ſcorn to own thee!
Their filial Piety forgot,
Deny their Country like a SCOT:
Tho' by their Idiom and Grimace
They ſoon betray their native Place:
Yet *thou* haſt greater Cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them than they of thee.
Degenerate from their ancient Brood,
Since firſt the Court allow'd them Food.
Remains a Difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe Fame by writing ill:
From *Flecknoe* down to *Howard*'s Time,
How few have reach'd the *low Sublime*?
For when our high-born *Howard* dy'd,
Blackmore alone his Place ſupply'd;
And leaſt a Chaſm ſhould intervene,
When Death had finiſh'd *Blackmore*'s Reign,
The *leaden Crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great * Poet of the *Hollow-Tree*.
But, oh, how unſecure thy Throne!
A thouſand Bards thy Right diſown:
They plot to turn in factious Zeal,
Duncenia to a Common-weal;
And with rebellious Arms pretend
An equal Priv'lege to *deſcend*.

* *Lord* G——

In

In Bulk there are not more Degrees,
From *Elephants* to *Mites* in Cheese,
Than what a curious Eye may trace
In Creatures of the rhiming Race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall,
But who can reach the Worst of all?
For, tho' in Nature Depth and Height
Are equally held infinite,
In Poetry the Height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For Instance: When you rashly * think
No Rhymer can like *Welsted* sink.
His Merits ballanc'd you shall find,
That *Fielding* leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring Bard,
Climbs downwards, deeper, by a Yard.
Smart *Jemmy Moor* with Vigour drops,
The rest pursue as thick as Hops:
With Heads to Points the Gulph they enter,
Linkt perpendicular to the Center:
And as their Heels elated rise,
Their Heads attempt the nether Skies.
O what Indignity and Shame,
To prostitute the Muses Name,
By flatt'ring K---s whom Heav'n design'd
The Plagues and Scourges of Mankind,
Bred up in Ignorance and Sloth,
And ev'ry Vice that nurses both.
Fair *Britain* in thy Monarch blest,
Whose Virtues bear the strictest Test!
Whom never *Faction* cou'd bespatter,
Nor *Minister*, nor *Poet* flatter.
What Justice in rewarding Merit!
What Magnanimity of Spirit!
What Lineaments divine we trace
Thro' all the Features of his Face:
Tho' Peace with Olive bind his Hands,
Confest the conqu'ring Hero stands.
Hydaspes, *Indus*, and the *Ganges*,
Dread from his Hand impending Changes.
From him the *Tartar*, and *Chinese*,
Short by the Knees intreat for Peace.

* Vide *The Treatise on the* Profound, *and Mr.* Pope's Dunciad.

The *Conſort* of his Throne and Bed,
A perfect Goddeſs born and bred;
Appointed ſov'reign Judge to ſit
On Learning, Eloquence and Wit.
Our eldeſt Hope, divine *Illus*,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us)
What early Manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy Beard was grown!
Then think, what Wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun;
An Heir for *Britain* to ſecure
As long as Sun and Moon endure.
The Remnant of the Royal Blood
Comes pouring on me like a Flood;
Bright Goddeſſes, in Number Five;
Duke *William*, ſweeteſt Prince alive!
Now ſing the *Miniſter of State*,
Who ſhines alone, without a Mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtick Port
This *Atlas* ſtands to prop the Court;
Intent the Publick Debts to pay,
Like prudent † *Fabius*, by *Delay*.
Thou great Vicegerent of the King,
Thy Praiſes ev'ry Muſe ſhall ſing.
In all Affairs thou ſole Director,
Of Wit and Learning chief Protector;
Tho' ſmall the Time thou haſt to ſpare,
The Church is thy peculiar Care.
Of pious Prelates what a Stock
You chuſe to rule the Sable-flock!
You raiſe the Honour of the Peerage,
Proud to attend you at the Steerage!
You dignify the Noble Race,
Content yourſelf with humbler Place.
Now Learning, Valour, Virtue, Senſe,
To Titles give the ſole Pretence.
St. George beheld thee with Delight
Vouchſafe to be an azure Knight,
When on thy Breaſt and Sides *Herculean*,
He fixt the *Star* and *String Cæruleans*.
Say, Poet, in what other Nation
Shone ever ſuch a Conſtellation.

† Unus Homo nobis *Cunctando* reſtituit rem.

Attend

Attend ye *Popes*, and *Youngs*, and *Gays*,
And tune your Harps, and ſtrow your Bays.
Your Panegyricks here provide,
You cannot err on Flat'ry's Side.
Above the Stars exalt your Stile,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand Mile.
On *Lewis* all his Bards beſtow'd,
Of Incenſe many a thouſand Load;
But *Europe* mortify'd his Pride,
And ſwore the fawning Raſcals ly'd:
Yet what the World refus'd to *Lewis*,
Apply'd to —— exactly true is:
Exactly true! Invidious Poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand Times below it.
Tranſlate me now ſome Lines, if you can,
From *Virgil*, *Martial*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*;
They could all Pow'r in Heaven divide,
And do no Wrong to either Side:
They'll teach you how to ſplit a Hair,
* Give —— and *Jove* an equal Share.
Yet, why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtrait;
I'll give my * * * * * Butter-weight.
And Reaſon good; for many a Year
---- never intermeddl'd here:
Nor, tho' his Prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we *deſire* his Aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since *Woolſton* gave us Arms to root him.

***** *Cætera deſiderantur* *****

* *Diviſum Imperium cum* Jove *Cæſar habet.*

On

On the Words, Brother-Proteſtants, *and* Fellow-Chriſtians.

AN Inundation, ſays the Fable,
O'erflow'd a Farmer's Barn and Stable;
Whole Ricks of Hay and Stacks of Corn
Were down the ſudden Current borne,
While Things of heterogeneous Kind
Together float with Tide and Wind:
The generous Wheat forgot his Pride,
And ſail'd with Litter ſide by Side,
Uniting all, to ſhew their Amity,
As in a general Calamity;
A Ball of new-dropt Horſes Dung,
Mingling with Apples in the Throng,
Said to the Pippin plump and prim,
See, Brothers! how *we Apples ſwim.*
Thus *Lamb*, renown'd for cutting Corns,
An offer'd Fee from *Ratcliff* ſcorns;
Not for the World! *we Doctors, Brother,*
Muſt take no Fees from one another.
Thus to a Dean ſome Curate ſloven
Subſcribes, dear Sir, *your Brother loving.*
Thus all the Footmen, Shoeboys, Porters,
About St. *James*'s cry, *we Courtiers!*
Thus *H--ce* in the Houſe will prate,
Sir ---- *we Miniſters of State.*
Thus at the Bar the Booby *B*——,
Tho' Half-a-crown outpays his Sweat's Worth;
Who knows in Law, nor Text, nor Margent,
Calls *Singleton* his Brother Sergeant:
And thus *fanatick Saints*, tho' neither in
Doctrine or Diſcipline our Brethren,
Are *Brother-Proteſtants* and *Chriſtians*,
As much as *Hebrews* and *Philiſtians.*
But in no other Senſe than Nature
Hath made a Rat our Fellow-Creature.

Lice

Lice from your Body ſuck their Food,—
But is a Louſe your Fleſh and Blood?
Tho' born of human Filth and Sweat, it
May be ſaid, Man did beget it;
But Maggots in your Noſe and Chin
As well may claim you for their Kin.
Yet Criticks may object, why not?
Since Lice are Brethren to a *Sc--t*.
Which made our Swarm of Sects determine
* Employments for their Brother-Vermin:
But be they *Iriſh*, *Engliſh*, *Scottiſh*,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the Church theſe Cluds are gathering,
To call a Swarm of Lice their Brethren?
As *Moſes* by divine Advice
In *Egypt* turn'd the Duſt to Lice,
And as our Sects by all Deſcriptions
Have Hearts more harden'd than *Egyptians*;
As from the trodden Duſt they ſpring,
And turn'd to Lice infeſt the King;
For Pity's ſake it would be juſt,
A Rod ſhould turn them back to Duſt.
Let Folks in high or holy Stations
Be proud of owning ſuch Relations,
Let Courtiers hug them to their Boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em;
While I with humble *Job* had rather
Say to Corruption, thou'rt my Father:
For he that has ſo little Wit
To nouriſh Vermin, may be bit.

* Alluding to what is advanced in *The Presbyterians Plea of Merit for taking off the Test in* Ireland *impartially examin'd*,

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